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cylindrical piece of wood is taken, say two inches thick and three inches long, and placed in the lathe (fig. 5, A), or fixed to the ordinary mandril (B) or (C); the lathe is then set in motion, and, by the careful use of the gouge, the wood gradually assumes the varied forms seen in fig. 6, E, F, H. The utmost and closest attention is requisite during the process.

There are various modifications of this beautiful art, and to some of the varieties the name ornamental turning is applied. This includes spiral turning, eccentric turning, rosette turning, epicycloidal turning, and elliptic turning. Each of these requires certain peculiarities in the construction of the lathe. In eccentric turning, for instance, a solid circular plate is fixed to the mandril of the lathe. Two guides are fixed on the surface of the plate, forming a dove-tailed slide for another plate, which is moved by a screw connected with the under plate. The upper plate has on it a circular-toothed plate, which is capable of being revolved upon its centre, but is retained in any desired position by a catch which falls between the teeth, and is held by a spring. A screw, similar to that on the mandril, is fixed on the centre of this wheel, and to this is chucked the work which is to be turned. The result is obvious; the first plate moves concentrically with the spindle of the lathe; but the slide, with its circular plate, can be moved so that the work revolves with any degree of eccentricity required.

Rose-engine turning is beautifully adapted for ornamental purposes, and among workers in gold, silver, and gilt work it has been very generally in use. And yet, though so often applied, and used for so many purposes, there are few who thoroughly understand the machine by which it is effected. Who invented the rose-engine no one knows; the French lay claim to be its originators, and they were without doubt expert in the use of it before it was known in England. There was indeed a machine answering to the description of the rose-engine in England about the time of Sir Isaac Newton, yet it was but little known and scarcely appreciated. An unsteady lathe, which in revolving produces an irregular

circle, is a rude approach to the rose-engine, and may very possibly have furnished the first hint for its invention.

A writer on this subject says, "In plain cylindrical turning, the motion of the slide is so adjusted in relation to the motion of the article operated upon, that the cutter carried by the slide shall not move over a space greater than the breadth of its point in the time that the article makes one revolution. In screw turning, the cutter is made again to travel over a space as much greater than the breadth of its point, during one revolution of the spindle, as the pitch of the screw requires. The requisite changes in the motion are effected by changing the wheels on the ends of the main spindle and the leading screw."

In geometric turning, the work revolves on the lathe, and the eccentric cutter, after the fashion of the drill-stock, is driven by a band in connexion with the mandril. An almost endless variety of curious and beautiful, and, in some instances, most complicated curves, may be produced by this means. The geometric chuck is described as an eccentric with the addition of an arrangement for giving motion to the work upon the chuck, and independent of the mandril; fixed to the head-stock, and concentric with the mandril, is a toothed wheel, which, as the chuck revolves, drives another and smaller wheel on its under surface; this latter is connected with another toothed wheel, which causes the click-plate and work to revolve.

A description of the various adaptations of the lathe, the useful machines and tools lately invented, and the simple and efficient methods of conducting the work, would require larger space than can be devoted to it here. We have endeavoured only to present some interesting engravings as specimens of what the art can effect, and by what means it accomplishes the beautiful result.

Group of Objects, figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10.—A, a mallet; B, a top; C, a cornice; D, a whip-top; E, a cup and ball; F, a pin-case; G, a ball; H, I, J, K, L, M, chess-men; N O, a pop-gun; P, an egg-cup; Q R, silk-winders; S, a candlestick; T U, a pencil-case; V, a box; X, a bed-room candlestick.

CROMWELL DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.

THE reader of history must be dull indeed if he do not learn, in the language of the poet, that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

If we look back upon the history of England, we shall see how with reference to most of her rulers this might be said. It is true, only one king became insane—only one was driven to die an exile in a foreign land—only one lost his life at the scaffold; but even those to whom such terrible catastrophes did not occur, could, we doubt not, bear testimony to the fact, that grief and sorrow are to be met with in the palace of the king as well as in the hut of the peasant. Placed above their fellows, princes rarely hear the voice of truth; they are surrounded by needy parasites and dependent courtiers; the struggle for life, which is such a bracing exercise to others, they know nothing of. They have nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for, higher than the position they have already obtained. If a crowned head has not real cares, it has imaginary ones. The only merry monarch we read of in our history was Charles II., and his was the merriment of the sensualist and the fool.

But the usurper—the man who works his way upwards to a throne—has greater troubles still. On every side he has foes. Every moment he expects to be dragged down from his high eminence. It is the necessity of his position that he must be suspicious—that he must have recourse to espionage—that he must be keen at plotting himself, and detecting the plots of others. In this respect there is a great resemblance between the great Cromwell and the great Napoleon.

The Blue Boar in Holborn is famed as the scene of one of Cromwell's clever exploits in this character. In Morrice's

"Life of Lord Orrery" we have the account as it came from Cromwell's lips. Morrice writes:—

"One time, when Lord Boyhill, and Cromwell, and Ireton were riding together, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king; and secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both inquiries. 'The reason,' says he, 'why we would once have closed with the king was this—we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch. Therefore, we thought it best to prevent them by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but that we might find it out if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle on his head, about ten o'clock that night, to the Blue Boar in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the

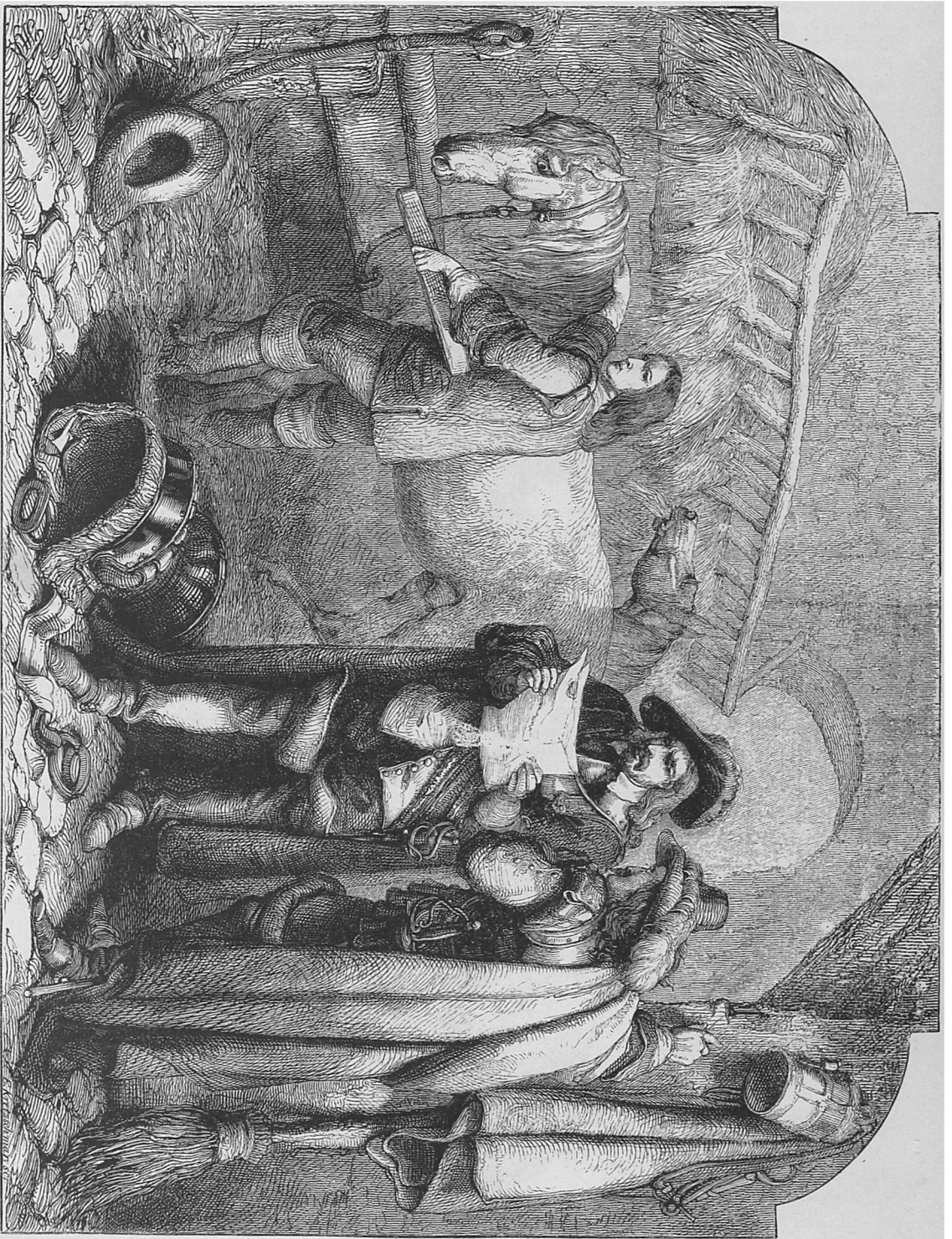
saddle; but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received the letter, and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock. The sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately rose, and as the man was leading out his horse, saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were to search there all that went in and out there; and as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions—the Scotch Presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, &c. Upon this, added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forth, resolved his ruin.'

In those troublous times, somehow or other, Cromwell always had the best of it. Fortune was ever on his side. At one time we read how his Highness, accompanied by his secretary, Thurloe, drove his own coach in Hyde-park, "to which there were harnessed six fine horses that had been sent him as a present by the Count of Oldenburgh." He accordingly put Thurloe in the coach, and himself mounted the box. "For some time he drove very well, but, by and by, using the whip a little too violently, the horses set off at full speed. The postillion, endeavouring to hold them in, was thrown, and soon after Cromwell himself was precipitated from the box and fell upon the pole, and from thence to the ground. His foot got entangled with the harness, and he was carried along a good way, during which a pistol went off in his pocket." And yet, strange to say, Cromwell received little or no injury; while Secretary Thurloe, writing to Mr. Pell, says, "since which time I have kept my chamber, and been under so much disposition of body that I have not been able to write unto you." Cromwell was continually made the subject of plots, and yet this man, who had upset a government and dethroned a king, actually died peacefully at Hampton Court. No sooner does Cromwell become Lord Protector than we hear of an Anabaptist plot, got up by "a certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist leveller persuasion, with a colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powell." Then we have a royalist plot hatched at the Ship tavern, in the Old Bailey, kept by Mr. Thomas Amps. "Eleven truculent, rather threadbare persons," says Carlyle, "sitting over small drink there, on the Tuesday night, considering how the Protector might be assassinated. Poor broken royalist men—Nayler's old captains most of them, or such like; with their steeple hats, worn very brown, and jack boots slit, and projects that cannot be executed." Then at Easter of the same year there comes from the court of Charles II., at Paris, a proclamation drawn up, it is said, by Secretary Clarendon, setting forth that, "Whereas a certain base mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, has most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the supreme power over these kingdoms," the rightful claimant "hereby gives free leave to any man whomsoever by pistol, sword, poison, or any other means, to destroy the life of the said Cromwell, wherein he will do an act acceptable to God and good men." The pro-

clamation further promises, "on the faith of a Christian king," to the perpetrator and his heirs a reward of five hundred pounds per annum for ever, and the honour of knighthood; and "if he is a soldier, the office of a colonel, with such other honourable employment as may render him capable of attaining to further preferment corresponding to his merit." On every side danger surrounded Cromwell: he might well organise a system of espionage the most extraordinary in his own or even in later times. Oldmixon gives us illustrations of this system. "Thurloe was wont to tell that he was commanded by Cromwell to go at a certain hour to Gray's Inn, and at such a place deliver a bill of £20,000 to a man he should find walking in such a habit and posture as he described him; which, accordingly, Thurloe did, and never knew, to the day of his death, either the person or the occasion. At another time, the Protector coming late at night into Thurloe's office, which he kept in the last staircase in Lincoln's Inn towards Holborn, that has a way down into the garden, made on purpose for Cromwell's coming to him unobserved, the Protector began to discourse with his secretary about an affair of the last importance, but seeing Moreland, one of the clerks, afterwards Sir Samuel Moreland, was in the office, whom he had not seen before though he pretended to be asleep upon his desk, and fearing he might have overheard them, he drew out a dagger which he always carried under his coat, and was going to dispatch Moreland on the spot, if Thurloe had not with great entreaties prevailed upon him to desist, assuring him Moreland had sat up two nights together, and was fast asleep." Well might Cromwell be thus cautious and crafty—on every side he was surrounded by spies. There was no need for him to exclaim with Buckingham,—

"Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw
Intending deep suspicion."

Cromwell was "the deep tragedian." He was harassed not by imaginary fears, but portentous facts. There were traitors in his body-guard, traitors at Whitehall, traitors wherever he sat down or rose up. Muskets and daggers were ever pointed at his life. Killing had been declared no murder against him; and a pamphlet with that terrible title had been circulated in England by thousands, and had embittered days and nights with the thought that each moment was to prove his last. Bates says: "Cromwell had neither rest nor security since the last great combination of royalists and republicans against him. He was never at ease. In the day time his looks were intent upon new and unusual spectacles. He took particular notice of the carriage, manners, habit, and language of all strangers, especially if they seemed joyful. He never stirred abroad but with strong guards, wearing armour underneath his clothes, and offensive weapons, as a sword, falchion, and several pistols; never coming back by the straight public road, or the same way, nor never posting but with great speed. How many locks and keys he had for the doors of his house! Seldom he slept more than three nights together in the same chamber, nor in any that had not two or three back doors, guards being set at all of them." Need we remind the reader that these precautions must be ever the terrible necessity of men who wade through the storms and bloodshed of civil war to a crown? Sir Thomas More tells us of Richard III., after the murder of his nephews: "His eyes whirled about, his hand ever on his dagger; his countenance and manner like one ever ready to strike again. He took ill rest a nights; troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes started up, leaped out of bed, and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tost and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed." Here, however, the parallel stops. Richard was a usurer for evil ends, Cromwell for glorious ones. And in a succeeding age, when a Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames, when vice was almost a passport to the royal favour, when Charles pocketed with complacency the pay of France, the nation may have turned with regret to the memory of him who gave England peace at home, and made her glorious and great abroad.



CROMWELL, DISCOVERING THE LETTER OF CHARLES II. AT THE BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN.